Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull gentle men,
That you haue tane a tardy sluggard heere.
Lor. How haue you slept my Lord?
Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowsie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lord;
Me thought their soules whose body *Richard* murthered,
Came to my tent and cried on victory:
I promise you my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How farre into the morning is it Lords?
Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue said, louing country-men, (*His Oration to*
The leisure and inforcement of the time, (*his souldiers.*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truely gentlemen,
A bloudie tyrant, and a homicide.
On raised in bloud, and one in bloud established:
One that made meanes to come by that he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the meanes to helpe him:
A base foule stone, made precious by the soyle
Of *Englands* chaire, where he is falsly set,
On that hath euer beene Gods enemy:
Then if you fight against Gods enemy,
God will in iustice ward you as his souldiers:
If you sweare to put a tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace the tyrant being slaine,
If you doe fight against your countryes foes,
Your countries fat, shall pay your paines the hire.
If yon doe fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerours:
If you doe free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:

Then

Then in the name of God and all these r
Aduance your standards draw your wi
For me, the ransome of my bold attemp
Shall be this cold corps on the earths co
But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part ther
Sound drumes and trumpets boldly, an
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and
Enter King Richard, Rat. &
King. What sayd *Northumberland* as
Rat. That he was neuer train'd vp in
King. He sayd the truth, and what sai
Rat. He smiled and sayd, the better fo
King. He was in the right, and so inde
Tell the clocke there *The*
Giue me a Kalender, who saw the sunne
Rat. Not I my Lord,
King. then he disdaines to shine, for by
He should haue brau'd the East an hou
A blacke day will it be to some body,
Rat. My Lord.
King. The sunne will not be seene to d
The skie doth frowne and lowre vpon
I would these dewie teares were from
Not shine to day, why, what is that to
More then to Richmond? for the selfe-s
That frownes on me looke sadly vpon hi
Enter Norfolke,
Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe
King. Come bustle, bustle, caparison
Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring hi
I will lead forth my souldiers to the pl
And thus my battell shall bee ordered
My fore-ward shall be drawne in leng
Consisting equally of horse and foote
Our archers shall be placed in the mid
Iohn Duke of *Norfolke*, *Thomas* Earle
Shall haue the leading of the foote an
They thus directed, we will follow

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.52)